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AN
ADDRESS *at*
DELIVERED MAY 30, 1873,
at
AT THE DEDICATION
OF THE
MEMORIAL HALL,

man
ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS,

BY
REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.



ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE MEMORIAL HALL.
1873.

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Andover

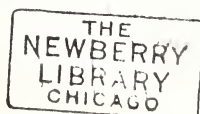
Memorial Hall,

DEDICATORY ADDRESS

BY

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,

MAY 30, 1873.



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Brooks, Phillips, *bp.*, 1835-1893.

An address delivered May 30, 1873, at the dedication of the Memorial hall, Andover, Massachusetts, by Rev. Phillips Brooks. Andover, Trustees of the Memorial hall; [Lawrence, Mass., Geo. S. Merrill & Crocker, printers, 1873.

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SHELF CARD

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GEO. S. MERRILL & CROCKER,
PRINTERS,
LAWRENCE, MASS.

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June 2

ADDRESS.

THE employment to which this Decoration Day is dedicated and in which many of you have been occupied this morning, is the noblest in which a free and grateful people can engage. The graves of the Soldiers all over the land have once more burst into flower with the honor and affection of devoted hearts. Once more the stately obelisks and the little hillocks that are fast sinking back to the common level of the mother earth, have become the flower-decked monuments of the truths and principles for which they died whose bodies lie below them. It is not the least of the debts that we owe to our Union soldiers that their very graves are vocal—that though dead they speak to us still. The soldiers who survived the war have passed into other occupations. It is the lives that stopped at loyalty and freedom that have left the strongest emphasis upon those sacred words. The men who from the bloody shore of the Rebellion embarked

July 1 22 May 3

into the other life have left their foot-prints inef-
faceable upon the margin where they planted them,
and made it recognizable and dear forever.

The voluntary and continual commemoration of
the soldiers who died in the war shows how entirely
their lives and deaths belonged to the very substance
of their land's history. Your friend dies by an
accident, and you remember him and decorate his
grave, but the country does not come, year after
year, to honor him with flowers. Or, if his charac-
ter was so sublime and singular that all men gather
at his tomb, that honor cannot be perpetual. Other
men come who never knew him, and, by and by,
his grave is left undecked, to sink back into the
level sod. It is the Covenanters' tombstones to
which Old Mortality does his pious duty. It is the
soldiers of Freedom and the Union on whose
graves the freemen of the Union strew their memo-
rial tributes. The friends who knew them may all
pass away. The mere enthusiasm of the great
victory grows calm. The excited party feeling all
evaporates. The sectional dislike is all forgotten.
But so long as the character of the people remains
unchanged, those graves must still be monuments.
It is because in them, in what they were and what
they did, the best of our national character shone
out, that these soldiers have won a dearness and a
permanent memory that do not belong merely to
their personality. The nation honors in them its

truest representatives. The real life of the land sees in them the ideal life which is the true outcome of its institutions. They were the flower of its principles, and so it sprinkles its memorial flowers on their graves.

I have been led to these thoughts as I have considered the somewhat double purpose of the Building for whose dedication we have come together here to-day. We are going to set apart forever a Hall which shall be a Memorial Hall of the Soldiers of Andover who died for their country, and also a means of culture and education for the Town to which they belonged. The Hall is to be consecrated at once to their memory and to the Town's best uses. It is to be a Memorial Hall and a Library Hall at once. And surely that is good. If these Andover soldiers were indeed the best fruits of our institutions, the best specimens of our character, then all that can educate that character is the best memorial of them. If nobleness of thought, intelligent devotion to their country, chivalrous emulation of the knightly lives of other days burned in those young men's bosoms, then let us feel that we honor their memory by every effort to keep alight these sacred fires in the breasts of others who are to live where they lived, and in peace, if not in war, are to be called to duties no less honorable, though less conspicuous than theirs.

We are to consecrate to the memory of the

Union soldiers a Library Hall. Is there any unfitness there? At the foot of the tablet that records their names, quiet students will bend over the pages of peaceful books. But we learned something about all that during the war. We learned that even the culture of books, if it were true and healthy, made men fit for the only sort of soldiership we want—the soldiership for Principles and Truth. Our college students flocked out to the war. This Hill of Study sent its students to the field. In the old days, the poet Æschylus fought for his country's deliverance at Marathon. Sir Philip Sidney, the chevalier alike of books and arms, died his heroic death under the walls of Dutch Zutphen, for whose relief from the Spaniard he was magnanimously struggling. In these last days the German universities have poured their students and professors into the field for Fatherland. Everywhere, always, good culture and the championship of principles belong together; and so to the education of the people we may well consecrate this memorial of the people's representative soldiers.

It is not for me now to give in much detail the history of this Memorial Hall. It is the Town's gift to itself, in memory of its soldiers, and in the desire of perpetuating as well as commemorating their patriotism and virtue. Nor does it take from its public character that it is principally due to the munificence of one Andover man, that the Hall

stands complete in Andover to-day. If a stranger had built it for the town, it would have been far different. But it was to a fellow-citizen of yours, my friends, to one whose character and history you rejoice to identify with your institutions, to one whose long life here has enriched your community even more by his personal influence than by his enterprise and the liberal bestowal of his wealth, it was to him, who, though not born here, has united his life closely with yours for many useful years, it was to him that the good idea first suggested itself, in foreign lands, the fruit of which we see complete to-day. I am sure that this must be a day of profound satisfaction to Mr. JOHN SMITH, whose liberal heart first devised the liberal thing which has now come to its consummation. I am sure that the Town's gratitude to him is only the ratification, as it were, of his own pleasure in this good work done. A life of honest, manly toil, of wide and thoughtful liberality, of true devotion to religion and the good of man, must find, although it does not seek and even would disclaim, its own monument in the monument it rears to others. To him, and to those others, closely united to him in blood and business, who led the town in this good enterprise, this honor must be given, that there was in them the character which could appreciate the character of the men who fought our battles. It is an honor to desire to honor the truly great; and no man must stand here

and be your orator to-day, without acknowledging in the Town's behalf the Town's indebtedness to him whose patriotic heart conceived, and whose liberal hand has executed this memorial to those whom we delight to honor. Long may he live to see its usefulness; long and happily may the gratitude of his townsmen surround his life; and years after we all are gone, may this Hall stand as a memorial not merely that there were Andover men who gave themselves for their country when she needed them, but that there were other Andover men who had it in their hearts to appreciate and honor that glorious devotion!

I suppose that we all belong to Andover and are proud of her to-day. We feel this day to be, in some sense, the consummate day of all her life. We want to talk of her together. We want to trace through all her history that union of active patriotism with the desire for educated character which is set forth in the double purposes of this occasion. Let us try to do this. The more we look into the history of Andover the more we feel how thoroughly it is a characteristic New England town. If I wanted to give a foreigner some clear idea of what that excellent institution, a New England town, really is, in its history and its character, in its enterprise and its sobriety, in its godliness and its manliness, I should be sure that I could do it if I could make him perfectly familiar with the past and the present

of Andover. From the time when the first settlers came from Newtown, in 1634, and built their first cabins at Cochichewick, where the brook still falls from the Great Pond into the Merrimack, when Mr. Woodbridge bought the land of Cutshamache, the Sagamore, for six pounds and a coat, from that day down to this, when Andover adds another to the memorials of the Soldiers that are springing up all over the land, there has not been one experience of New England in which she has not borne her part, or one good characteristic of New England which she has not illustrated at its best. Her settlers lived here in the wilderness. Their infant town was attacked by the Indians. Their meeting-house was burnt, their cattle stolen and their people killed. They built their blockhouses on the banks of the Merrimack and in the fields of the Shawshin. Andover caught the fanaticism which burst out on the darker side of the religion of the land, and three of the people of Andover were hung or pressed to death for witchcraft. It developed under the hard and healthy ecclesiastical system, and learned the severe but vigorous theology of the 17th century. It shared in the religious movements of later times. It met the first need and the first difficulties of popular education. In 1701, it built its first school-house "at the parting of the ways by Joseph Wilson's." It had all the culture of the town-meeting and the training field. It had its typical ministers

and esquires. It was heart and soul in the war of Independence. It caught the new impulse of manufactures, which has altered New England in this last century. It opened its gates to the tide of foreign immigration. It has felt all the great moral movements,—the temperance movement, the anti-slavery movement,—which have had so much to do with the education of New England; and in these later years it has felt the stir of outraged loyalty, and was not wanting when the Republic called upon her sons to conquer the rebellion that assailed her life. Everywhere the true New England town! And where in all the countries through which one roams does he find any better or healthier type of life or society? A healthy soberness pervades its thought and action. Its men and women live out long lives full of calm useful days. Full many here have rounded their complete century. It is a solid granite base of character for any history to build upon.

Nor can one know the old town well, and not feel how even its scenery has the same typical sort of value which belongs to all its life. All that is most characteristic in our New England landscape finds its representation here. Its rugged granite breaks with hard lines through the stubborn soil. Its sweep of hill and valley fills the eye with various beauty. Its lakes catch the sunlight upon generous bosoms. Its rivers are New England rivers, ready

for work, and yet not destitute of beauty. If everywhere our New England scenery suggests to the imagination that is sensitive to such impressions some true resemblance to the nature of the people who grow up among its pictures, nowhere are such suggestions clearer than in this town, which is so thoroughly part and parcel of New England. Her sons have carried out her pictures in their memory, and in the camps of Virginia and on the shores of the great Gulf their native courage has been kindled to new life by the remembrance of the hills and pastures of their native town.

A town with such a character must be intelligently interested in every critical period of the country's history, and so our town has been. Let us look for a moment at the Andover of the Revolution. It will be good to see that the men to whom we dedicate our memorial to-day are the true sons of the patriots of 1776. As we read the history of the good town in the last century, it seems indeed as if we read, on yellowed paper and in old fashioned type, the perfectly familiar story of ten years ago. Suppose yourself an Andover stripling, wide-awake and interested in all that was going on, clad in your prim child's square-cut coat and small-clothes, one hundred years ago,—what would you have seen and heard? Here it is December, 1774. The town is meeting. The boys are hanging round the door and telling each other how it has just been voted

that one quarter part of all the training soldiers should enlist. You are wishing that you were old enough to carry a gun. You are drilling with staves and wooden swords in mimic muster with the other boys along the road. Next April comes, and two companies under Capt. Farnum and Capt. Ames, with Col. Frye to lead them, have gone down to Cambridge. In June the battle comes at Bunker's Hill, and the Andover company has had its fifty men engaged. The news comes up to Andover. Three of our men are killed and seven wounded. It is the Lord's day, but the meeting-house is closed. You have seen Parson French with gun and surgical instruments start off in a hurry for the little army. Long since the town has voted that no person shall vend tea of foreign importation. They have appointed their committee to observe that the Resolves of the grand American and Provincial Congresses be strictly adhered to. Already, in May, 1775, you meet the watchmen in the streets, who stop each passer after nine o'clock and make him tell his business. Next year, in June, '76, the town has voted this, "that, should the honorable Congress, for the safety of the Colonies, declare them independent of the Kingdom of Great Britain, we will solemnly engage with our lives and fortunes to support them in the measure." A town up to the mark surely, with one foot boldly beyond the mark indeed! In October, our town

is giving in its allegiance to the new State government. In November, it is voting its supplies to the families of the soldiers who are in the field. In one year more it is instructing its representatives to stand by the new confederation. It has its word to say about the currency, about the taxes. It recommends out of its town-meeting a plan of national office-giving and office-holding which might well have been a Civil Service Bill for all our history, and done us good. Finally, in 1788, it debated and divided about the ratification of the Federal Constitution; but, when the convention in Boston voted in its favor, the town accepted it most loyally. Meanwhile, its soldiers were in the field; 98 men were in constant service during the war. The town's militia in 1777 numbered 670 men. Twenty belonging to this, which then was the South Parish, died in the Revolution. All these things, with their picturesque details, the Andover boy of the time knows by heart, and is proud of his town, standing firm and loyal and self-sacrificing among the towns that first fought for independence and then built up the new nation.

Ah, how alike all history seems! How old, and yet eternally how new, these elementary emotions are! How the first instincts that make men fight for freedom, and good government, and truth, last on from age to age! Old and yet ever young, like the eternal skies, the ever self-renewing trees, the gray and child-like sea! In 1776 and 1861 these Andover

men are the same men still. The very names of this last war are the names of that old struggle. What were the Captains called of the four militia companies of 1777? Johnson, and Lovejoy, and Abbot, and Holt. And were not these same names—Johnson, and Lovejoy, and Abbot, and Holt—high on the muster-rolls of 1862? It was the same town still, as our whole history is one in its continual fidelity to these principles which have forever and ever “the dew of their youth.”

Such was Andover in the military history of the Revolution,—a good strong soldier town. The battles of the country were not fought without her. And yet one is very glad to know that even then the thought of scholarship and education was at work here, not stifled by, no doubt really giving life to, the loyalty and military spirit of the time. It was here that the College Library found refuge from the dangers of the war. It was here, in the very thickest of the Revolutionary struggle, in 1777, that the Phillips Academy took birth, with a constitution all the more remarkable because it had no precedents to follow, no pattern to model itself upon. Some of the best thinkers in the hard new work of forming the National and State governments came from these hills. Yes, this same union of loyalty and education which is typified in our new Hall to-day, shines forth out of the last century's history. The Soldier and the Scholar came forth together from the

culture of our town. A powder-mill and a paper-mill were its two first industries, and the same gentle Shawshin turned the wheels of both.

It was just here, at the close of the old and the beginning of the new period of our history, that the visit of the great master of the work that had been done makes a day memorable in the history of Andover. Hardly can we dedicate our Hall to-day without remembering how, on the morning of Thursday, the 5th of November, 1789, General Washington passed by the place where it now stands, on his way from the house of Deacon Abbot, not far beyond it, where he had breakfasted. The veterans and children must have crowded on the little mound to see the father of his new-born country pass; and the town tradition has not yet ceased to tell of the kiss that he left on the lips of one of the town's daughters, which was kept there, sacred and unmolested, for a week. The same morning, on the common opposite the Mansion House upon the hill, he sat upon his horse and heard the grateful greetings of the crowd, and then passed off by the old Wilmington road to Lexington. It was a noble gift of Providence that in one man should be comprised and pictured, for the dullest eyes to see, the majesty and meaning of the struggle that gave our nation birth.

It would be interesting, but far too long, to trace how the experiences of the country, from the war of Independence down to the struggle for the Union,

were all felt in this most American town. The strongest of them all, the growing love for freedom, the growing dread and hate of slavery, found many hearts that entered into it deeply. The honored friend of Andover, to whom it mainly owes its new Memorial Hall, was one of the anti-slavery pioneers. It is interesting to know that one of the choicest natural beauties of the town takes its name from a slave who was liberated because his master, Jonathan Jackson, of Newburyport, felt the "impropriety of holding any person in constant bondage, more especially at the time when his country was warmly contending for the liberty every man ought to enjoy." It gives a sort of commemorative lustre to the silvery beauty of "Pomp's Pond."

Thus I have tried to sketch, in haste, the truly American character of Andover. Everywhere and always, first and last, she has been the manly, straightforward, sober, patriotic New England town. But as we read her history, it seems as if all thus far were but preparatory for the deeper experience that came, —ah! is it possible?—twelve years ago. Shall I try to recount the history of Andover during the Rebellion? Shall I try to tell the story of the brave men bred here, who fought and died in the war for the Union, and whose names are written forever on the white tablets of yonder Hall? There is no rhetoric that can approach the plain recital of the well-remembered facts; and all of us have reason to be thankful

that in our midst a gentleman has come who has given such lavish time and labor to the noble work of collecting and recording all that can be known of the behavior of Andover, and Andover men, during the war. I cannot omit to honor the industry, and to thank the courtesy of my friend, Mr. Samuel Raymond, who, led by the sacred impulse of honor to a pure and noble son who died in the glorious sufferings of a Southern prison, has prepared for this town such a record as hardly any town can possess of its heroes, and their deeds and deaths. You may not need it, but your children will. Fresh in your memories still are all those days with all their stirring scenes, all their inspiring thoughts. Do you remember?—Surely you have not forgotten.—On the 18th of April, 1861, only a few days after the first gun at Sumter, the people gathered for solemn consideration. Then came the great town-meeting only two days later. Its speeches, out of lips that are still speaking here among us, rang with unhesitating loyalty. Little we knew the whole of what was coming; but, come what might, these men were ready for it. The women were eager with their work. The men were drilling instantly. This church heard the bold, hopeful sermon that was preached to them. The Flag waved everywhere; over the church and dwelling, over the consecrated halls of the Seminary, and above the traffic of the stores. In June, the Andover company went out. The elders of the town sent them

forth with a blessing that was full of lofty hope. Its soldiers were men who knew what it all meant, and rejoiced in their task. They took their "thinking bayonets" with earnest, faithful hands. Soon they were in the field, as Company H of the 14th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. They were the first, but other levies followed quick. I have read down the record, and know that this town of New England was always up to the duty of the hour. No call of the great war Governor, echoing the summons of the noble President, ever found her listless or discouraged. In all, she put nearly five hundred men into the field. Twenty commissioned officers came from her citizens. Over and above all the State aid, she gave more than 30,000 dollars for her soldiers and her soldiers' families, whom she never forgot. Her men fought in some forty regiments. At all the great battles of the Army of the Potomac,—at Ball's Bluff, at Cedar Mountain, at Antietam, at South Mountain, at Fredericksburg, at Spottsylvania, at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, in the Wilderness,—the men of Andover were in the ranks, and did their duty well. In the horrible prisons of Danville, and Salisbury, and Andersonville, boys whom Andover had nursed, breathed out their starved and tortured lives. How the old Andover names stand out down the long list! Abbot, and Barnard, and Farnham, and Frye; Foster, and Holt, and Lovejoy; Marland, and Stevens, and Merrill. They came from all pro-

fessions, from every work and class of life; farmers, mechanics and students, all together, all with one common indignation, all with one strong determination that the country should be saved.

Do you remember the May morning in 1864, when the news came of the battle at Spottsylvania, where the First Regiment of Heavy Artillery, in which so many of the men of Andover were serving, was engaged? The people gathered in town-meeting. They sent their letter of thanksgiving to their soldiers. They sent their representatives to help the wounded. They welcomed them as they came creeping back, and cared for them. They wrote upon their record for that battle, eight killed and forty wounded, and were proud of their champions and heroes.

Do you remember that July morning of the same year, when the three years' volunteers came home? The people met them at the depot, and escorted them in triumph through the streets. Up the familiar road, over the ground where Washington had passed almost a century before, you carried these new defenders of their country to the town hall. You fed them and made speeches to them, and not alone in these two traditional American ways,—for Andover is still the typical American town,—but by every method of personal kindness and enthusiasm you made them know that they were welcome, and that you were proud of all that they had done.

It is pleasant to recall such scenes. But it is not

the soldiers who came back whose names are written on the tablets which we are just about to consecrate with prayer. Those are the names of the fifty-two men who died. Some in the prison, and some upon the field; some by the Gulf, some by the James and the Potomac, some in the prison-pen, some in the sick-room here at home. That is the roll of those who sealed their consecration with their death. Oh, the mysterious power of a death for a noble cause! The life is truly given. It passes out of the dying body into the cause, which lives anew. It is good that not a stack of battered arms, nor even tattered flags, are the memorials that consecrate your Hall. They would be good. Let them come there some day, perhaps. But a list of men's names is better. It signifies the total manhood that they gave. It was not only their deeds, their strength,—it was themselves they consecrated; and a man is always more precious than his work. I beg you, brothers, let us remember not alone the deeds; let the men of the war be present with us always. Let us be glad we lived under the same sky, drank of the same streams, ate from the same fields with them. So shall we get the truest blessing of their lives.

"Earth will remember them with love and joy,
And oh, far better, God will not forget.
For he who settles Freedom's principles
Writes the death warrant of all tyranny;
Who speaks the Truth stabs falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than ever Brutus with his dagger could."

How fast the men of the war have passed away ! Think of the great men who have gone. The martyr-President went first ; then the War-Minister, the devoted Governor, the far-seeing Statesman, the Victor of Chattanooga, the Victor of Gettysburg, and only yesterday the Chief Justice, who was the Minister of Finance during those anxious years. How soon they went ! When the great ship had hardly rounded into port ; while, standing on the shore of peace, we felt the solid earth still rocking under our feet with the remembered heaving of the sea, they who had watched and labored for her safety through the nights and storms out on mid-ocean, one by one, as if their work was done, began to pass to their reward, and to what other tasks we cannot know, awaiting them in other worlds. What have they left behind them, they and the humbler dead whom votive monuments and tender hearts remember still in every town and hamlet of their land ? Not only what they did, not only even what they were, but new tasks like their own for us who stay behind them. They did not merely clear the field of treason. By the same labor they built up a new possibility of national character and life. They were like the men who, in these stony pastures of Andover, clear the rough field of stones and build the gray wall that is to surround and shelter it, out of the same material, at the same time. So these men left the new national life for us to guard and develop. Let

us not allow their memory to die. Let no cynical skepticism scatter the enthusiasm with which we honor them. Let us freely idealize their characters. By purer social life, by finer aspirations, by more unselfishness, by heartier hatred of corruption, let us be worthy of them, and in our quiet duties build the true memorial to the characters of those who found their duty in the camp, the prison and the field, and where they found it did it even to the death. They saw that their country was like a precious vase of rarest porcelain, priceless while it was whole, valueless if it was broken into fragments. What they died to keep whole, may we in our several places live to keep holy! So may we be worthy of them.

“What, shall one of us

Who struck the foremost man of all the world
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped at thus?
I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!”

It is not war but peace that we desire. Alas for him who now or in the years to come shall see these votive tablets shine with nothing deeper than the blaze of military glory. It is the peace which they made possible, the lasting peace with all its blessings, that the sculptured names of these dead soldiers are to preach forever.

There let them stand in our Memorial Hall!
Andover is still the true New England town. Still,

with her honor for the dead, her teaching for the living, she stands up abreast of the best life of all the land. Upon her new Hall let the morning sun strike with its call to duty, and the evening gather with its benediction of repose. Let its shelves be filled with the noblest and purest literature, that shall speak the same infinite lessons that the tablets utter from its walls. Let the thoughtful and eager young men and women of many generations come to its quiet rooms for refreshment and instruction, and drink deep of its influence and go out stronger for the good work of life. Let the men of business, of the shop and the farm pass under its shadow and feel that there is something better in this world than success. Let the little children play about its steps and tell each other wondering stories about the brave men who died long ago, and for whom this building, now grown gray with age, was built in those long gone years that seem to the child like an eternity. We dedicate it to Truth, to Loyalty, to Conscience, to Courage, and to Culture. That men should be true to their best convictions, and do their simple duty, this is the blessing that gives all blessings with it, and is the fountain of all charity and progress.

“ Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold,
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood

To make his bosom-counsel good,
For he that feeds men serveth few,
He serves all who dares be true."

It is TRUTH that we want in every department of our life. In State and Church we need it, at home and on the street; in the smallest fashions and in the most sacred mysteries; that men should say what they think, should act out what they believe, should be themselves continually, without concealment and without pretense. When we have that, then we shall have at least a solid basis of reality on which to build all future progress. It is the benefit of great and solemn crises that they give us some characters which manifest this simple Truth, that they make it to some extent the character of all the time. We lay our wreaths upon the graves of our Union soldiers because they were such men of Truth; and we pray that their memory and influence may be strong among us so long as the nation lasts for which they lived and died.

1781141

PRAYER OF DEDICATION.*

BY PROF. EDWARDS A. PARK, D. D.

O Thou God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, who declarest Thyself to be the God not of the dead but of the living, we come to Thee in the faith that Thou art *our* God, as Thou wert the God of our fathers, and that Thou art ready to bow Thy heavens, and bend to us a listening ear, while we call upon Thee in the name, and as the disciples, of Jesus Christ our Redeemer.

On this memorial day, it is meet that we praise Thy name, O Lord, for all Thy loving-kindness unto the men who first dedicated unto Thee our hills and valleys and streams; who first labored on our fields that we might enter into the fruit of their labors. Thou didst bring the vine out of Egypt; Thou didst cast out the heathen, and prepare room for the vine, and plant it; and our hills are covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs of it are like the goodly cedars. We thank Thee that Thou hast kept Thine eye ever wakeful upon the descendants of the men who planted this goodly town;

*Taken stenographically.

and that so many of these descendants are carrying on elsewhere the work which their fathers began here. Keep Thou the covenant which Thou didst make with our pious ancestors, and bless their children and their children's children for a thousand generations.

It is of Thy goodness, O Lord, that we have been permitted on this day of our solemnity to hear the voice of one whose godly ancestors our fathers delighted to honor. We thank Thee for the story he hath told us of the young men who, when they heard of the perils of their country, marched forth from our hills and valleys, and did not count their lives dear unto them, if so be they might preserve the unity and the liberty of their native and their adopted land. We thank Thee, that of those who went forth from us, not knowing whither they went, there are some whom Thou didst shield in the hour of battle, and whom Thou hast allowed to mingle in the festivities of this afternoon, while the air has been resounding with the music of the cornet and the sackbut and the dulcimer. May these young men so live that every eye which sees them may bless them, and every ear which hears them may bear witness to them, that they are faithful to the principles for which they bared their bosoms to the shafts of the foe.

In the arms of our faith we bring before Thee the fathers and the mothers, the brothers and the

sisters, the widows and the children of the soldiers whose graves we have been this day adorning with flowers, and also of those who died far away, and no man knoweth the place of their sepulchre. Let us engrave upon our minds a new lesson of patriotism and self-denial, as we remember the valor of the young men who fell in the carnage; the fortitude of those who hungered in the prison and no one gave them bread, who thirsted there and no one gave them a cup of cold water; the patience of those who returned unhurt indeed by the arrow that flieth at noonday, but overcome by the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and who, weary and heart-broken, breathed out their life among us, and devout men carried them to their burial.

We acknowledge Thy goodness, O Lord, in having put it into the heart of the men of this town to rear this edifice as a memorial of our departed friends. We thank Thee that in the rearing of it Thou didst give Thine angels charge over the artisans, that not one of them dashed his foot against a stone. We thank Thee for the zeal and the skill of those who have watched the building of this house from day to day, and have given their time and care to the adjusting of its treasures. We thank Thee for all the gifts and all the sacrifices which our townsmen have laid upon this altar.

In a special manner doth it become us, O Lord, to praise Thee for the kindly spirit which Thou

hast given to our friends who came out of a far country,—the land of the Bible and the Covenant,—who came hither poor but have made many rich, who came having nothing, but have given us many things to enjoy,—many things whereof this house is a memorial, and whereof we are glad at this hour of our remembrance. We all unite our hearts in one voice of prayer for Thine aged servant to whose forethought we owe the beginning of this enterprise for perpetuating the names of our fallen heroes. As he hath planted this tree, may he for a long time sit under the shadow of it and be refreshed. As he hath relieved the poor and the sorrowing, may his own heart be gladdened by the fruit of his charity. Let not his eye soon become dim, nor his natural force abated; and when Thou callest him to meet his godly forefathers in the home of the redeemed, may he go crowned with the blessings of the great multitude, here and elsewhere, for whom he hath made the wilderness to blossom like the rose.

And now, O Thou all-seeing one, what wait we for but Thine aid as we consecrate this our treasure house to its various uses. In Thy presence we dedicate it to the memory of the warriors whose names, being cut in the rock within its walls, will be read by generations yet unborn. In Thy name we dedicate it to all the kindly sentiments which will arise in the bosoms of men as they read these

cherished names of soldiers who withered away in the very flower of their life. In Thy pure name we dedicate it to the virtues of gratitude for the success of our armies, and of love for our common country. Under Thine all-seeing eye we set apart this building as sacred to the cause of good learning and of wholesome intelligence; to the mental, but still more to the moral culture of this town; to the welfare of men, but more than all to the honor of Thy name, O Thou Majesty of heaven and earth. It is to Thee and to Thy glory that we offer all which our hands have made, knowing that from Thee have come the gold and the silver, the skill and the cunning work by which one stone hath been laid upon another, and the head-stone hath been brought forth with shoutings. Help us to remember that except the Lord keep this our treasure house, and this our village, the watchman waketh but in vain. Help us to remember that the day will come when the trumpet shall sound, and we, with all the dead whose names are engraved on the marble of this house, shall rise from our tombs, and shall behold the Lord in his glory. Therefore may we dedicate to Thee our bodies as tabernacles in which God is to reside, and our souls as the very temples of the Holy Ghost. So may all of us unite our hearts and our voices in saying, "Now unto the King Eternal, Immortal, and Invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever!" AMEN.



APPENDIX.

The Memorial Hall in Andover owes its foundation to the liberality of Mr. John Smith, by whom, in July, 1870, an offer of twenty-five thousand dollars was made to the Town, on condition that an equal sum should be subscribed by others within six months. This condition was complied with. Mr. Peter Smith and Mr. John Dove, connected in business with Mr. John Smith, pledged themselves to give twelve thousand dollars; and the remainder was secured by the subscriptions of other citizens, supplemented by the town's appropriation of \$4,500, which had been raised in a previous year towards the erection of a Soldiers' monument. An additional gift of \$5,000 from Mr. John Smith, and of \$1,650 from a few other gentlemen, increased the fund subsequently to about \$57,000.

The object of this Memorial Hall, as designated by the Founder, is—to use his own words—“TO COMMEMORATE AND KEEP IN REMEMBRANCE THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN DEFENDING OUR NATIONAL FLAG, AND SAVING MY ADOPTED COUNTRY TO GOD AND LIBERTY.” The second story of the Hall is devoted specifically to this object, and the room is called the MEMORIAL ROOM. In it a marble tablet has been placed, bearing the names of the Andover soldiers who fell in the war of the Re-

bellion. The lower story is occupied by a Library and Reading-room, which, in accordance with the wish of the founder, are to be maintained for the free use of the inhabitants of the town. Here there has been already deposited a collection of carefully selected books, to the number of about 3,000 volumes, which have been mostly purchased with funds received from Mr. John Smith, and from Mr. John Byers, of New York. The sum of three thousand dollars for this purpose was presented by each of these gentlemen,—the latter designating his gift as an offering in memory of his deceased brother, Peter Smith Byers, of Andover.

The building erected for these purposes, in the centre of the business part of the town, is of two stories, with a French roof; having a front toward the east of forty-four feet and eight inches, and a depth of fifty-eight feet; the height from the bottom of the under-pinning to the top of the iron railing on the roof, is forty-six feet. The material is brick, with granite trimmings. The style of architecture in its main features is that known as Italian. The building committee were Rev. John L. Taylor, D. D., Mr. William G. Means, Mr. David Middleton, Rev. Charles Smith, and Mr. Samuel Raymond. The architect was J. F. Eaton, of Boston; and the contractors for the building were Messrs. Abbott and Jenkins, of Andover. The whole cost of the building, including land, etc., was about \$43,000. In accordance with the conditions prescribed by the founder, twenty thousand dollars of the amount contributed is reserved as a permanent fund for current expenses.

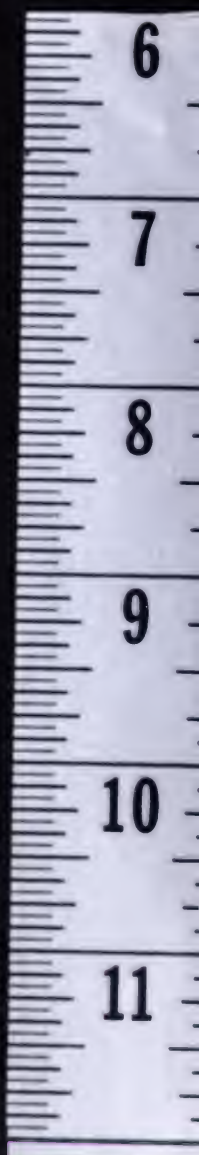
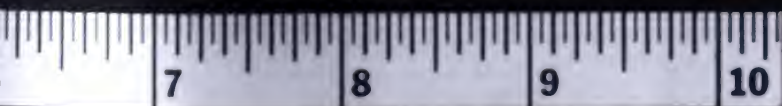
The management of the institution is placed in the hands of a board of seven trustees appointed by the town.

The term of office of one member of this board expires every year, and the vacancy is filled by the election of a trustee for a full term of seven years, at the annual town-meeting in March.

The exercises of dedication were held on Memorial Day, Friday, May 30, 1873. The Address, by the Rev. Mr. Brooks, was given in the South Church, and the Dedicatory Prayer was offered by Professor Park, in the open air, in front of the Hall.

The Library and Reading-room were opened for the use of the citizens a few days later. The interest which the new institution has called forth, now that its practical advantages have begun to be enjoyed, and the use which the Library and Reading-room are daily receiving, are such as to prove the wisdom of the endowment, and give promise that the expectations of the founders and friends of the Hall will be fully realized.

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